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MARCH 19, 1922



A Night Attack by Lions.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"WELL, if you must go, you must," grumbled the storekeeper, disapprovingly, as he watched the boy fasten upon his back the small outfit he had purchased. "We don't put strangers in leading-strings here, not even boys—which is a pity, for you're showing a lack of common sense. I've known big, strong men to give out on the veld. There's pretty sure to be a party crossing toward Kimberley in a few days, or maybe a week, and you could just as well wait and join in with them. 'Twouldn't cost you so very much extra."

The boy smiled and shook his head, drawing the last strap a little tighter across his shoulders.

"Thank you," he answered, "but I'll push on. I know the direction, and have a good compass, and you've told me where water is likely to be found. And maybe I'm not quite so helpless as I look. I was raised on a Western frontier farm, and have been used to hardships and wild animals and handling a gun almost since I could walk."

"All of which won't help a bit on a lifeless, blistering veld that's hot enough to make one's shoe-leather smoke, and that maybe you'll have to sizzle over day after day, with water and provisions gone. Smarter fellows than you have got lost and gone crazy. But pshaw! what's the use of talking! I never met with an American yet who was looking for advice. They're always in too much hurry."

"Oh, I am ever so much obliged for the advice," returned the boy, with more earnestness; "and I would be very glad to take it, if I could. But I can't, now. Good-bye."

"I wonder what he'd say if he knew I had just two dollars left, after buying an outfit about half the size I ought to have," he thought, as he trudged on. "And it would cost at least three or four dollars a day to wait, or else a consuming

The Coming of Spring.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

THERE'S a hint of spring in the east
wind's blowing,
And the pussy-willows are peeping out;
There's joyous strength in the tree sap's
flowing,
And signs of spring are all about.

The snow on the southern slope is melting,
And the little brook is no longer dumb;
Even the blue jays are hoarsely hiling
That spring has come, that spring has
come.

Mother Earth's bosom is filled with re-
joicing,
And the tiniest life has lent its ear
To the glad refrain all nature is voicing,
Winter is over, and spring is here.



of my precious provisions. I've just got to push on."

The first hundred miles of fruitful coast-land proved easy and delightful traveling to the boy, for nearly everything he met with, fruit and flowers and animals, were novel and curious. He was beginning to wonder at the storekeeper's warning, when he entered upon the broad belt of dreary desert and mountain. This was harder traveling, and for the first time he was forced to resort to his inadequate stock of dried meat.

But it was not until he struck the hot veld, burned brown, with the dust-covered, shriveled grass of the dry season, with no shade but the three- or four-inch-high karroo bushes, that he felt the full force of the storekeeper's words. And when he had plodded over this for three days, till his head throbbed and his throat burned with thirst, with the blistering heat of the sand scorching up through the thick soles of his boots, he realized that the truth had not been half told. He could understand now how easily a man might lose himself and go crazy. Already he had twice expected to get water in the sink-holes of a dried-up river-bed, only to find them mockingly dry depressions, or sloods.

He had eaten the last morsel of his provisions, and drank the last drop of water, and now visions of bountifully-spread tables, of cool piazzas, and grass-green fields began to rise before him, resolutely thrust from his mind, but only to come up again and again.

Along in the afternoon of his sixth day on the veld he saw a slight rise in the ground ahead, and on it outlines, which an hour later had resolved themselves into a thatch-roofed farmhouse, with out-buildings and kraals beyond.

The traveler's feet quickened, and his

eyes lost some of their dull stare of weariness. The farm meant supper and breakfast and rest, and clear directions for the continuation of his journey. He forgot the load upon his back, the throbbing of his head.

As he drew near, he saw two men leave one of the kraals and turn toward the house. Presently they noticed him, and checked their horses until he approached. They were plainly dressed farmers, such as he was accustomed to see at home, and were apparently just from their work among the cattle. He staggered toward them with a light heart.

"It does me good to look at you," he began frankly; "you make me think of the folks at home. I was pretty nigh used up and discouraged when I caught sight of your buildings, two or three hours ago. But they set me all right. A good night's sleep and food will fix me so the rest of the journey will be easy. It is certainly good fortune to meet friends in a wild place like this."

They did not answer for some moments, and he noticed that their faces had grown harsh and forbidding. From one of them he heard the muttered word, "Uitlander."

"Where are you from, and where do you go?" the older of the two demanded.

"From the United States," the boy answered, "and bound for Kimberley mines. I wish food and permission to stay with you to-night."

The last was ignored.

"And you are only a boy," the Boer said sternly. "Don't your people know enough to keep their boys at home? We don't want them. This country is ours, and we want everybody to keep away from it—do you understand?—to keep away from it!"

"But you don't work the mines," the boy urged wonderingly. "The diamonds and gold don't do you any good in the ground."

"That doesn't matter. If they are in the ground, let them stay there. The land is ours."

"Can't one buy some?"

"We don't want you to buy it," raising his riding-whip as though in menace. "The men who would sell to you or deal with you are not true Boers. The country is ours, for us."

"Well, I don't understand the matter well enough to argue it," said the boy, wearily. "I suppose I can stay with you to-night? I need rest."

"No, you cannot stay with us," angrily, "nor have a scrap of food. Boer hospitality has already done enough harm for the country." And with that the two turned and rode on to the farmhouse.

For a while the boy stood there, swaying with exhaustion. Then he once more adjusted the pack on his shoulders in quest of greater ease, and pushed on. But by the time he reached the kraal at the top of the elevation, or kopje, he began to totter, and, feeling that he could go no farther, he went round to the wall which shut off the last slanting rays of the sun, and dropped upon the sand. Almost instantly he was asleep, with the outfit still strapped to his back.

Sometime in the night he was awakened by a wild commotion inside the kraal. He could hear cattle running hither and thither, and bellowing as though in mortal terror. Presently a heavy body sprang by him to within a few feet of the wall, and crouched for a spring.

The boy had been brought up on a frontier farm, and was familiar with cattle and with the great gray wolves that come down from the north during severe winters; and more than once he had helped to drive panthers from the cattle pens, and grizzly bears from the farm outbuildings.

He was thoroughly awake now, and his presence of mind did not desert him. The animal was scarcely six feet away, and so intent on the bellowing cattle within the kraal as to be oblivious of the motionless figure upon the sand. The only weapon the boy had was a heavy revolver which he had brought from home. This he drew suddenly from his belt and fired pointblank at a spot just behind the fore-shoulder of the animal. At the same instant the great body, which showed tawny even in the dim moonlight, rose into the air. But the fore-feet only reached the edge of the kraal wall; there the animal hung quivering a few moments, then fell to the ground, dead.

As the boy sprang to his feet, another great tawny body rose into the air, coming from inside the kraal. This one had something in his mouth, probably a calf. The boy had seen panthers, and even wolves, carry off calves in this manner. As the body touched the ground, he took a quick aim and fired; and though he did not kill the animal, he evidently wounded it, for with a hoarse roar of rage and pain, the beast dropped its prey and bounded away into the darkness.

It had all transpired in a very few minutes; but as the second animal bounded away, the boy heard sharp calls and hurrying footsteps about the farmhouse. Another few minutes, and five or six men were hurrying toward him. Among them was the one who had said he should not have a scrap of food. This man caught him by the shoulder and swung him violently around.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded fiercely. Then he caught sight

of the body on the ground, and added, "What does this mean?"

Several of the men were bending over the body.

"It's one of the lions that's been killing our cattle lately," answered a voice in which was mingled incredulity and questioning wonder. "We've been trying to kill him for months. Here's the place where the boy wounded him just back of the shoulder."

"Did you do this?" asked the first speaker, loosening his grasp on the boy's shoulders, and a new tone coming into his voice.

"Yes, sir," the boy replied modestly; "but it wasn't much. The animal was only a few feet away, and I couldn't very well help killing him. You see, I was lying on the ground, and he was so eager for the cattle that he didn't see me. And besides, I'm a pretty good shot."

"I should say so," said the man, "and with that toy." He took the revolver from the boy's hand and looked it over carefully.

"I think I hurt another one pretty bad," the boy added after a moment. "He was coming over the wall there with a calf or something in his mouth, and I fired as he touched the ground. He roared as though he were hurt, and dropped what he held; and I thought he staggered a little as he bounded off."

Two or three of the men went in the direction he pointed. Soon they came back excitedly.

"A calf is lying out there on the ground," one of them said, "but it's not hurt bad enough to die. And there's a line of blood leading away into the karroo bushes. I think the lion must have been badly hurt."

"Then he won't come back to bother us any more," said the first speaker, who seemed to be the man in control. He turned back to the boy.

"Look here," he said, with frank regret in his voice; "I'm sorry about the way we treated you last night. We hate the Uitlanders, and don't want them here; but we know how to appreciate a friendly act. And I think we will like you after this. You are brave and quick and cool-headed, even if you are only a boy, and we value such qualities. Now you will come back to the house with us and stay as long as you like, and when you are ready to go on I will accompany you to Kimberley myself and introduce you to some of my friends there who may be able to do you a good turn, as you have me. And when you think of our hostility last night, remember it is not the natural manner of the Boers, but their hospitality soured by being abused."

School Boys who act as Traffic Officers.

IN Worcester, Mass., ten boy pupils at the North High School have been assigned to act as traffic officers in front of the school-building at dismissal hour, when fifteen hundred boys and girls leave the school.

The boys have been trained in traffic signals under the direction of a police sergeant, and each day, a few minutes before the session closes, two of them control automobile and street-car traffic, while their fellow-scholars pass.

Discovery.

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS.

ONCE I discovered a beautiful bug While I was lying out flat on the rug. He was awfully tall and gray and thin, His arms curved out and his legs curved in, His eyes came down and covered his chin He was a gorgeous bug. I wanted to ask him to come and play, But he wiggled his ears and ran away.

Mr. Born's Toad and Mrs. Born's Goslings.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

FOR a long time a big old toad lived in Mr. Born's garden; he has gone now, though, and no wonder. He was a good old toad and ate quarts of flies and insects that destroy gardens. Mr. Born wouldn't have sold that faithful worker for a lot of money, indeed he wouldn't; but the old toad is gone now, and, as the neighbors will tell you, Mrs. Born's goslings are to blame.

Mrs. Born had a setting-hen, and when that hen had a nest full of eggs of her own, what did Mrs. Born do but put two goose eggs with them; and the old mother hen hatched out two goslings. The old mother hen said, "What, *what*, *WHAT*?" when she saw the queer little nestlings, and she wouldn't have them.

That was a joke on Mrs. Born, because she had to take care of those goslings herself; and as soon as they were big enough to run around the yard, they met Mr. Born's old toad. They were straightway interested in the toad. He didn't like them, though, and tried to keep out of their way. They were great babies, for one thing, and cried so loud it was often distressing to hear them. As they grew bigger, the toad liked them less than ever. Mr. Born said they were nuisances.

Now it happened that the toad was wearing a fine new suit,—he had just split the old one down the back, and slipped it off over his head, hands, and feet, rolled it in a ball and swallowed it,—why, that is nothing unusual, it is what all toads do. He had just started out to walk in that new suit, when the downy goslings came paddling along, with their heavy feet. They walked one behind the other, the goose behind the gander, as they always did wherever they went.

The big old toad stood still in the path, expecting the goslings to go around him—but the goslings wouldn't. He wouldn't turn out and they wouldn't turn out; the toad was there first anyway, and it wasn't his place to get out of the path. And what do you think happened next!

Mrs. Born's goslings, one behind the other, walked over the toad; they planted their heavy, wide-webbed feet on his back—on his fine new coat, and paddled over, stepping, stepping hard.

Mrs. Born thought it was a great joke to see her downy goslings go paddling over Mr. Born's old toad; she says it was one of the funniest sights she ever saw. She thinks her goslings are cunning, anyway. The old toad made himself as flat as he could, head and all, and

squinted his eyes and winked and blinked them, and bumped around a wee bit, and squirmed, and acted as if he was obliged to endure being walked over by goslings—and he didn't like those goslings!

After that, the old toad left Mr. Born's garden to be eaten up by worms and insects and goslings, or whatever might come to destroy it! Anyway, fast as he could travel, the old toad left,—hopping, hopping, hopping!

For Lossy Stanton's Mistakes.

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD.

"YES, I suppose I do make mistakes as well as other people," Lossy Stanton admitted slowly. Then she added hurriedly, "Of course I don't know what they are!"

The other girls would have laughed in her face had it not been for Tizzie Ashlon, who held up a warning finger behind Lossy's back. Tizzie said gravely:

"I know. It's awfully hard to see our own faults—we've worked so hard to acquire the nice things, and you are nice, Lossy. You do have the best lessons, and keep your books and papers and personal belongings so spick-and-span."

The danger was past. The other girls began chattering about lessons, the worry of an approaching test, and their utter lack of preparation. Lossy went into the house.

"There was something on Natalie's face," she told herself. "She was ready to burst out laughing at what I said. What was it? About mistakes. I said I supposed I made mistakes, like others. Well, I suppose I do. I know Natalie does. She makes fun of everybody."

As yet, Lossy had never in her life admitted a mistake; not even now, when she thought she was actually doing so! Always ready with some excuse when taken to task by her mother, a teacher, a companion, her own conscience, she had arrived at a place where she realized that she was not exactly a popular girl.

"I must watch myself more closely—see what I say and do that they can find fault with," she said.

It was the beginning of trying to see herself as others had always seen her. A new little notebook was in her middy pocket. She opened it, writing on the first leaf:

"FOR MY MISTAKES."

She looked up. Her face met her smiling reflection. Suddenly she bent to the little book and wrote:

"1. Vanity."

Yet she was not satisfied. She was not an over-vain girl; but the beginning of her list helped her. It set her thinking. Before the week was over she had a list of what seemed to her her most glaring faults. They included pride, procrastination, not helping Mother, reading a story instead of practising, and anger; and yet something told her that she had not quite come to her real fault, the one that made the girls not quite like her.

Then she lost her notebook!

The mortification she felt! Suppose some of the girls found and read what she had written? How could she endure their jeers?

She was hurrying home when she ran into Natalie.

"Oh, Lossy! You're looking for something, are you?"

Lossy stared, ready to cry, almost.

"Was it a dear little book? O Lossy Stanton, you dear! I've said a dozen times to myself that if only you would admit a mistake now and then you'd be the nicest girl! I know, and here you've been admitting a whole list of them! My, you're brave!"

"No, I'm not," laughed Lossy, hiding her book in her pocket. "I never could admit the biggest mistake!"

"What's that?" asked Natalie.

"I wouldn't admit I made any!"

Housing the "Winged Wardens."

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS.

NOT long ago the writer visited a country home where five pairs of birds were found nesting about the front porch. A quaint little bird-house under the eaves was occupied by a family of wrens, and on the roof of this a pair of robins had nested and were rearing their young. A two-apartment house on a pole near by had also been taken possession of by wrens; while at the other end of the porch a third cottage made a home for bluebirds and a fourth had been pre-empted by a violet-green swallow and his spouse.



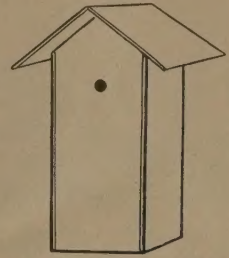
Needless to say that in this neighborhood there was no lack of song during spring and summer months, and that here flies and mosquitoes were short-lived.

There are many ways of making attractive bird-houses.

In this instance they were all of bark or tiny logs and very artistic in design. Whether their attractive appearance had anything to do with their charm from the bird's point of view or not is hard to say, but it certainly did from that of others who saw them. There were other factors in their arrangement, however, which did appeal, no doubt, to their small occupants.

Most species of birds have their own ideas as to the proper arrangements of the houses in which they are to nest. It is well to take these things into consideration when building. Also ventilation should be provided for, and a means of clearing out old nests between seasons. Air may be admitted by leaving a space between the sides and the roof, under the eaves, or by holes bored at the back near the top. The cleaning device may be either a hinged bottom or a removable top.

For the houses here described, a framework, or foundation, should first be made



Frame for bark-covered bird-house.

of light boards, and a finish added over this. For the sake of convenience in handling, the roof should be the last thing to go on.

The following dimensions are those preferred by the species given:

Species	Floor Space Inches	Height Inches	Height of Entrance Inches
Bluebird	5 x 5	8	6
Wren	4 x 4	6 to 8	1 to 6
Chickadee	4 x 4	8 to 10	8
Swallow	5 x 5	6	1 to 6
Flycatcher (Crested)	6 x 6	8 to 10	8
Woodpecker	6 x 6	12 to 15	12
Flicker	7 x 7	16 to 18	16

Species	Size of Entrance from Ground Inches	Height Feet
Bluebird	1½	5 to 10
Wren	1	6 to 10
Chickadee	1½	6 to 15
Swallow	1½	10 to 15
Flycatcher (Crested)	2	8 to 20
Woodpecker	1½	12 to 20
Flicker	2½	6 to 15

For any of the houses having deep cavities, bark makes the prettiest finish.



It may also be used to advantage on any of the larger ones. It should be removed from old logs or tree trunks in large

flakes and tacked on to the foundation with brads after being soaked in warm water to make it more easily handled. Allow ample margin for eaves and cornices, and leave all projecting edges with natural outlines. A ridgepole made of a slender branch of birch or alder added to the peak of the roof gives a pleasing finish, as does also a forked twig tacked in front of the entrance for a perch. This last, however, should be omitted where the English sparrow abounds, as it is too often used by him as a convenient post from which to torment the inmates.

For the smaller houses the "log cabin" is effective. The "logs" may be birch or alder branches about as big around as your little finger, nailed to the foundation. Let every other one project out about an inch at the corners, with the alternating ones fitted neatly in between. Either logs or rough bark may be used for the roof.

A little thought will suggest many variations of these two styles of houses. Several such placed about the garden will be almost sure to result in bringing an added number of "winged wardens" to protect against "the insidious foe," and to make the day glad with song.

But as the birds are usually wary of anything new, try to get your houses up in time to weather before the coming of the prospective occupants.



THE BEACON CLUB



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button must send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

27 NAHANT PLACE,
LYNN, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck,—I certainly agree with the answer to Enigma No. XXXIII.: "My whole is something we all enjoy, *The Beacon*." I look forward to Sunday every week for *The Beacon* and its delightful stories, as those stories are the only ones I have time to read during the week. Then, if I have time, I figure at the puzzles. Hardly anything gives me so much pleasure as working out problems and puzzles, besides algebra. This Sunday I got so tired doing French, algebra, etc., I decided to rest my brain by looking over my *Beacon*. I am sending the answers to puzzles in Nos. 16 and 17.

Much as I hate to close, I must return to my poor neglected home-work.

Sincerely yours,
KATHERINE ABBOTT.

12 LINCOLN STREET,
BROOKFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am very sorry to say that I lost my Beacon Club pin and would like another one if convenient to you. The class I am in is going to dramatize the story of Miriam next Sunday for the rest of the Sunday school. We have an attendance roll and every Sunday we go to Sunday school we get a star placed on the roll after our name. I have had perfect attendance since we started. We

have two sides. The names of the sides are the Evers and the Nevers, which stand for ever present and never absent. I am on the side of the Evers.

Yours sincerely,
JEAN MACDONALD.

565 HARTFORD AVENUE,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old and I go to the Unitarian church. I have an alligator and some white and tan mice. I am in the eighth grade of the Milwaukee Normal Training School. I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH A. COPELAND.

Exchange Letter Bureau.

Name.	Age.	Address.
Pollie Brown	12	427 Jarvis Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Christine L. Baker	12	76 Sherwood Street, Roslindale, Mass.
Mary D. Chase	10	241 Highland Street, Milton, Mass.
David F. Atwater	13	350 Glenwood Avenue, Rochester, N.Y.

David wishes to correspond with "any live-wire boy," who lives outside of Rochester.

manner at the morning service, Christmas Day. The pageant was repeated on New Year's Day at a special vesper service.

The appointment of an Educational Director, Mrs. R. C. Stevens, has brought new life to the church school at Erie, Pa. The teachers of the school are meeting twice each month to study Dr. Sunderland's "Origin and Character of the Bible" under the leadership of Mrs. Stevens, who is using the same book in the church school with her class of boys. In the school session, after the members return from their classes each Sunday, Mrs. Stevens puts questions to the pupils concerning the lesson of the day from the book each class is using. In this way, the entire school gets some knowledge concerning the various books in the graded course in use in the school. This part of the session is animated, all the pupils are interested, and the benefits are marked.

A good report of work done comes from the First Congregational (Unitarian) church school at Uxbridge, Mass., of which Rev. John N. Mark is minister. The school secured the net sum of \$125 by a fair which it conducted. Of this amount \$75 was contributed to Mr. George Newell, an Uxbridge boy, for missionary work in China. The school has also pledged \$80 a year for three years to help a church in Transylvania. A contest between Reds and Blues has been started, which will continue until Easter. Points are gained for church attendance, Sunday-school attendance, offering, new scholars, and good lessons. The school has forty-two names on its honor roll of members who have not been absent since the school opened in September. A class of high-school boys, Mr. Albert E. Donald, teacher, has had one hundred per cent. attendance during this entire period.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a form of gambling.
My 23, 15, 27, gives light and heat.
My 4, 25, 5, 6, 18, is an adverb of place.
My 26, 17, 16, 20, 21, is a fruit.
My 28, 29, 30, 31, is to stand.
My 9, 7, 16, is a toy.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, is a man's name.
My 14, 15, 18, is a girl's name.
My 19, 25, 32, 27, 35, is a river in Europe.
My 37, 21, 33, is a number.
My 36, 5, 31, 9, 22, are vegetables.
My 27, 31, 34, is a boy's name.
My whole is a saying.

JEANNE PENNIMAN.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 10, 2, 3, 4, is part of a cape.
My 9, 3, 4, 9, 10, is in the mouth.
My 1, 8, 7, 4, is to be happy.
My 5, 6, 7, 4, is an important part of the body.
My whole is something we should all try to obtain and keep.

J. W.

TWISTED BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Threes. | 6. Hurt. |
| 2. Apes shine. | 7. As hoe. |
| 3. Burns me. | 8. Nailed. |
| 4. See sing. | 9. Ah, claim. |
| 5. O my need tour. | 10. I snatch iron. |

E. A. C.

SOME POPULAR MAGAZINES.

Each of the following statements describes a popular magazine: 1. A view from my window. 2. A Christmas visitor. 3. Describes character. 4. Part of a clock. 5. One hundred years. 6. Musicians. 7. A large body of water. 8. A monitor. 9. A musical country. 10. A dwelling that pleases the eye. 11. To be seen in the country. 12. Off repeated. 13. Self-reliant. 14. Audubon's legacy to the world. 15. Modern. 16. What many women practice.

The Portal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23.

ENIGMA XLII.—Samuel Clemens.
ENIGMA XLIII.—Junior Alliance.
ENIGMA XLIV.—House and Garden.
A DIAMOND.—

C
CAT
CARES
TEN
S

PI.—

If all the world were upside down,
Our lilies would be stars so gay;
Our brooks would be the milky way
And roses of the richest dye
Would be the pretty sunset sky;
Instead of blue the sky'd be brown—
If all the world were upside down.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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Church School News.

ON Christmas Eve in Northfield, Mass., a family gathering of church and Sunday-school attendants was held with 110 present for the supper, entertainment, and Christmas tree. This gathering on Christmas Eve is now an annual event in this school.

This year, as last, the school of the First Parish Church in Quincy, Mass., reports a large membership. There are 193 pupils, 19 teachers and 14 substitute teachers, the total enrollment of the school being 232, and its average attendance thus far during the year 172. An eight-minute service of worship has been prepared in which the children participate each Sunday without any announcements from the desk or the use of a service-book. They are finding the value of a service known by heart. In this church school, all the teachers are paid, the parish appropriating last year for the support of the school \$1,300.

One class in the church school at Framingham, Mass., is taught by members of the Laymen's League, each taking the class for at least five successive Sundays. The Beacon Course is used in the school. There is a cradle roll of twenty members. A talk by the Superintendent, Miss Ethel Lillibridge, is given every other Sunday, illustrated by stereopticon slides.

Mrs. Russell V. Tower, Superintendent of the First Parish school at Cohasset, Mass., has brought new life into the school this year by trying several new methods which are so far working well. There is a school pledge, motto, hymn, and color, all stimulating the school spirit, and the young people are interested and eager. A Christmas pageant by members of the school was presented in a very impressive